

*The history*

To see vs heere vnarm'd. I haue a womans longing,  
An appetite that I am sick with-all,  
To see great *Hector* in his weeds of peace,  
To talke with him, and to behold his visage,  
Euen to my full of view. A labour sau'd.

*Enter Therfites.*

*Thersf.* A wonder. *Achil.* What?

*Thersf.* *Ajax* goes vp and downe the field asking for himselfe.

*Achil.* How so?

*Thersf.* He must fight singly to morrow with *Hector*, and is so prophetically proud of an heroycall cudgeling, that he raues in saying nothing.

*Achil.* How can that be?

*Thersf.* Why a stalkes vp and downe like a peacock, a stride and a stand: ruminates like an hostisse, that hath no Arithmatique but her braine to set downe her reckoning: bites his lip with a politique regarde, as who should say there were witte in this head and twoo'd out: and so there is. But it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking, the mans vndone for euer, for if *Hector* breake not his neck ith' combate, hee'le breake himselfe in vaine glory. Hee knowes not mee. I sayd good morrow *Ajax*: And hee replyes thanks *Agamemnon*. What thinke you of this man that takes mee for the Generall? Hees growne a very land-fish languagelesse, a monster, a plague of opinion, a man may weare it on both sides like a lether Ierkin.

*Achil.* Thou must be my Ambassador *Thersfites*.

*Thersf.* Who I: why heele answer no body: hee professes not answering, speaking is for beggers: he weares his tongue in's armes. I will put on his presence, let *Patroclus* make demands to me. You shall see the pageant of *Ajax*.

*Achil.* To him *Patroclus*, tell him I humbly desire the valiant *Ajax*, to inuite the valorous *Hector* to come vnarm'd to my tent, and to procure safe-conduct for his person, of the magnanimous and most illustrious, sixe or seauen times honour'd Captaine Generall of the armie. *Agamemnon*, do this.

*Patr.*

*of Troilus and Cressida*

*Patro.* Ioue blesse great *Ajax*.

*Patr.* I come from the worthy *A*

*Thersf.* Ha?

*Patr.* Who most humbly desires

*Thersf.* Hum?

*Patr.* And to procure safe condu

*Thersf.* *Agamemnon*?

*Patr.* I my Lord.

*Patr.* What say you too'r.

*Thersf.* God buy you with all my

*Patr.* Your answer sir.

*Thersf.* If to morrow be a faire da  
it will goe one way or other, how  
ere hee ha's me. *Patr.* Your a

*Thersf.* Fare yee well with all my

*Achil.* Why, but he is not in this

*Thersf.* No: but out of tune thus  
him, when *Hector* ha's knockt out  
But I am sure none, vnlasse the fidd  
to make Catlings on.

*Achil.* Come, thou shalt beare a

*Thersf.* Let mee beare another  
more capable creature.

*Achil.* My minde is troubled li  
And I my selfe see not the bottom

*Thersf.* Would the fountaine o  
again, that I might water an Affe  
in a sheepe, then such a valiant ign

*Enter at one doore Aeneas, at an*

*Autemor, Diomed the Gre*

*Paris.* See ho? who is that ther

*Deiph.* It is the Lord *Aeneas*.

*Aene.* Is the Prince there in pe  
Had I so good occasion to lye lon

As your prince *Paris*, nothing but  
Should rob my bed mate of my c

*Dio.* That's my minde too? go

*Paris.* A valiant Greeke *Aene*